

thing of beauty, and would delight handicraft-loving souls. One small room is entirely decorated by chip carving, done by the children in an orphanage; doors, window panels, cornices, etc., all of excellent design. A distinct scheme of decoration has been thought out for each room, hall, or staircase, and the loving finish of details is most refreshing. There were nine architects, and it took eleven years to build. This sounds like a guide book to Hamburg; but we do love it so, we cannot stop talking about it when once we begin.

I saw some magnificent specimens of leather work there, also some coloured, which I like less. Gepuntzle Lederarbeiten, as it is called, seems all the rage; both bookbinding and furniture were lovely, as well as innumerable little things such as we make. The Hamburg arms are very decorative, and appear everywhere, as well as the German eagle.

When the Kaiser and Kaiserin were in the neighbourhood the town was illuminated in their honour. We had the pleasure of seeing them and were lucky to come in for the festivities.

Some of you might like to know that my sister and I boarded with a family at £3 10s. od. per week for the two, a daily lesson included. We crossed by sea from Harwich, which takes about thirty-two hours. It is an economical way of travelling, and was, in our case, pleasant. The food costs about 10s. each way. We had lessons, as it happened, from a board school teacher who taught us excellently. Her method was to let us prepare a few pages of a German story book, with the dictionary, and to hear us relate in German what we had read. I found it an enormous help towards conversation. We got her to let us into her school one day, but it was not impressive. She had the youngest boys, about eight years, and they appeared to work at *words* all the time. The naughty ones were thrashed at the end of school hours. There is a delightful lesson, called "Heimathskunde," given in such schools, though, unfortunately, we did not hear one. The history of different quarters of the town, streets, houses, celebrities, etc., is taught to the children, and then they are taken to visit the places they hear about. Both Mendelssohn and Brahms were born in Hamburg. The latter's house is one of the most picturesque old structures in the town.

A. D.

MISSIONARY LETTER.

DEAR EDITOR,

The students who helped to make the quilt for the Toro Hospital will be glad to hear of its safe arrival.

Truly yours,

E. KITCHING.

C. M. S.,

ON THE ROAD GOING TO MENG0, TO CATCH
STEAMER OF JAN. 24TH AT MENBASSA,

JANUARY 4TH, 1905.

DEAR MISS KITCHING,

Last mail brought your letter of November 27th, and also the parcel sent by you containing a beautifully-worked quilt, and many tailed and T bandages.

I am only so sorry that, as you see, I have left Kabarole for furlough and cannot have the pleasure of seeing the handiwork displayed to view in the hospital. Will you tell your students how very much we admired the squares worked by each, bringing out so much originality. I hope you will approve of what we intend to do with the quilt; we thought it really too good and handsome for a bed, and also we were afraid that it would get so soon dirty and would want washing so often that it might spoil the colours, so we decided that as we are very badly in want of a screen cover for the men's ward, to cover a screen with it. Just before Miss Allen and I left the Toro Hospital, a trained nurse, a Miss Reed, came to take our place, and she said that she would put the quilt to this use, and she thought it would greatly interest the patients as they lay ill in bed to look at the different designs. We are very grateful for the T and for the many tailed bandages; we now, with this addition, have a plentiful supply to go on with for some long time to come. I

have sent Miss Fox, of the Wants Department, Salisbury Square, patterns of all the garments we most want in the Toro Hospital. We could do with any quantity of little print short-sleeved garments for children of from one to five years old. Very simple shapes are best for our people. Miss Fox has a miniature pattern of the Toro garment, which consists of a strip of stuff gathered into a band back and front, and a short broad band of the material for the sleeve, to be worn with a strip of the material for a sash. Also I have sent her a pattern of native pantaloons, of which we want dozens, as we have thirty-two patients to provide, as men and women wear them, and as soon as a patient arrives he is put into a clean pair. They should be made of unbleached calico at about $4\frac{1}{2}$ d. a yard. Also we want *pillow* not bolster cases (Miss Fox has the size). Also we want soft knitted dusters, and book bags—dark cretonne—16 and 18 inches, with a deep hem and double running strings. These are some of our wants.

We passed Batiti, where Mr. Kitching was, yesterday, and it looked so pretty perched up among the hills, with the peaks of Ruwenzori towering up above the mist and clouds in the background. I am dreadfully sorry to be turning my back on Toro Hospital and all the happy time spent there. I don't know whether Miss Barnett's Sunday School Class would care to have some of my Round Robin Letters describing the work of the Mengo Hospital, but if so, my sister, Miss Allen, Citrhin, Narborth, S. Wales, would send them.

With many grateful warm thanks,

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

A. E. ALLEN.

FOLK LORE LETTER.

C. W. BUCK, ESQUIRE,
THE MARKET PLACE,
SETTLE, YORKS.,

26TH JANUARY, 1905.

DEAR STUDENTS,

It is my privilege to be staying with a gentleman who has been, and is still, collecting old Folk Lore Songs and Plays, and raking up old country customs. With his permission I shall be glad to exchange any of these old relics, or to receive words or airs of Folk Lore Songs.

Yours truly,

EVELYN THOMASSET.

TWO SMALL FOLK LORE CONTRIBUTIONS.

In the district between Rochester and Blean Forest, ague is still rife, and there is a local saying:

"He who would live long,
Let him not live in Rainham, Addington, or Tong."

(Three villages on the malarious Medway flats.)

The following are the words of the Sussex "Apple Howling," a ceremony which takes place in the orchards on Mid-summer Day if I remember rightly, but about the date I am uncertain.

"Stand fast root; bear well top;
Pray God send me a good howling crop.
Every twig, apples big,
Every bough, apples enow:
Hats full, caps full,
Tall quarters, sacks full."